

# THE UNION FLAG.

VOLUME I.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1865.

NUMBER 30.

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THE UNION FLAG.

Jonesborough, December 8, 1865.

G. E. GRISHAM.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Union Flag will be published

every Friday Morning, on the following

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**MARRYING A FARMER.**

"And to-morrow you leave us? Oh! Amy,

little did I think, when I saw you wedded to

Henry Kingsley, Representative from

District, New York, that he would ever take

you to such a home!"

"And why not, my sister? I knew that he

was a farmer, and when I promised to be his

bride, I expected to be a farmer's wife. Nor

would I change my lot, if I could. I expect

to be very happy there. All I shall miss will

be 'the loved ones at home!' and I could not

expect to carry them with me to my new

home."

"But just think of it sister! You who

have been reared so tenderly, to work like

Aunt Rachel, perhaps, I expect, if ever I

come to see you, to find you milking the cows,

or feeding the pigs, or, at least, in the kitchen,

cooking for great, hungry men, who do not

know jelly from custard. It is too bad!"

And here Nelly broke down and sobbed out-

right.

Amy tried to soothe her by telling her of

her kind and noble husband, and that he

would not suffer her to be unhappy anywhere.

But she would not be comforted, and when

she met her brother-in-law at tea, her eyes

were wet with weeping. She took, too, but

little pains to conceal the fact, that she

thought him a tyrant of the worst kind. He

ascribed her strange mood to grief at part-

ing with her only sister, and with true delic-

acy made no reference to it. The next day

Amy Kingsley went out from her old home to

her new one, and from old friends to new and

unfamiliar ones.

Nelly fretted herself really ill over the

unhappiness of her sister. And when

letters came, bright, glowing, filled brimful

of happiness, she was still unconvinced.

"Oh! yes!" she said to her mother, "I know

how it is! She is too noble to complain; and

she knew how I was so troubled about her."

"But," says the mother, "she sends an in-

itation, indorsed by her husband, to have

you come and see for yourself."

"Oh! I should die in a little while—I know

I should! But for poor dear Amy's sake I

will go, and stay as long as I can, if you and

papa think best."

They did think best. For the sisters had

never been separated before, and poor Nelly

was pining sadly. The morning on which

she was to go, her mother came in and pro-

posed assisting her in packing her trunk.

"A trunk, mamma! A traveling bag will be

all I shall need to take. I can put one

dress in that. A home dress is all I shall

want."

rest a little while, and then dress. I want

you to look your best. Did you bring that

blue silk I like so well? Oh, yes! here it is.

Shall I send Fanny up to help you?"

"No, Amy, if she is your girl, and you

must take her place in the kitchen."

"Now, don't fret any more, please; and in

half an hour I shall send Fanny."

And Fanny came, and her nimble fingers

soon convinced Nelly that it was no new em-

ployment for her. When Nelly entered the

parlor, she found her brother-in-law waiting

to receive and welcome her; and then turn-

ing, he introduced a brother to her, who was

standing by his side. He was a fine-looking

man of twenty-five, perhaps, and just the

one to make an impression on a loving heart

like Nelly's. The tea bell soon rang, and

Nelly, taking Mr. Kingsley's arm, went out,

dreading the staring eyes of the workmen.—

But the little tea table was laid for only four,

and fairly glistened with its snowy napkins,

lucid china and shining silver. Fanny, in a

white apron, and almost as white hands, at-

tended the table; and Nelly gave a little sigh

of relief as her last bugaboo vanished, and

chatted, like herself, with her friend.

"How do you like us in our home, Nelly?"

said the husband, glancing at Amy. "Do we

answer with your expectations of farmers?"

Nelly was sure he was quizzing her, and an-

swered with some show of spirit.

"I think it is a shame for a man of your

talents and taste, yes, and wealth, to bury

himself in such a solitary place as this! Why,

I would not be compelled to pass my days

here for the world!"

The happy couple only laughed, and Nelly

began to think she was very silly, and laugh-

ed too, and wished she had been a little less

demonstrative.

After tea, the husband proposed a walk in

the garden, and here, as within the dwelling,

the most artistic taste marked every arrange-

ment. A perfect wilderness of flowers, and

yet not a thing out of place. Nelly felt that

she should never tire of its beauties; but

Amy soon spoke of returning, as Nelly was

quite weary. "And," she said, glancing at

her husband, "I shall want her to go with me

to milk the cows."

"I shall do no such thing! The horrid

things, with their great sharp horns and ugly

feet, I always was afraid of them at Aunt

Rachel's. One of them came at me once, and

would have bit me, if I had not screamed

loud enough to scare her away. Aunt said

this was the clover blossom I had in my hand

that she wanted, and not me; but I did not

think so. At any rate, I have had a perfect

antipathy to cows and clover blossoms ever

since."

Henry laughed. "Well, if you are so afraid

of cows, Amy need not go for them nor milk

them to-night!"

Nelly knew they were laughing at her

again, and looking up, she saw a pair of

magnificent eyes, brimming with mirth, fixed

upon her; and her own eyes and cheeks burn-

ed until they pained her. As soon as she

reached the house she hurried away to her

own room to give vent to her outraged feel-

ings. But Amy suspected her, and quickly

followed, to find her in tears.

"This is too bad! Poor, tired Nelly! I

did not dream that I was grieving you."

"Oh! I do not mind you, Amy, nor your

husband! But the great, overgrown brother,

who don't even speak to me, but if he dared

would laugh at me all the time—I don't like

him one bit!"

"Oh! I don't say so, Nelly! He is the kind-

est, best brother in the world! You must

like him for our sake. And now I will tell

you about our arrangement here. We have a

large farm, with none of its cares—or at least

I have none. The land is all rented to four

men with families. You can see their pretty

cottages from the door, all built on the farm.

Half of the property belongs to Arthur, and

he lives with us, as you see. We keep three

servants, and they are excellent, attending to

everything that servants should attend to."

"But where are those great hungry men

you spoke of?"

"Did you not see them at the table? Henry

and Arthur? They are large, and usually

hungry."

"And the cows? Was that, too, a joke on

your part?"

"Yes, darling. I could not milk a cow any

more than you could."

"Well, I forgive you all; but that brother

—I must punish him!"

"Well, come now, we must go down. Have

you any new music?"

"Some, if mamma packed it. Do you know

that I was only going to bring one dress?"

But here was the music.

They descended to the parlor. A fine toned

piano was soon answering to the touch of

Nelly, and in the music she soon forgot her

previous annoyance. She was a superior

performer, and on so rare an instrument she

surprised even herself. The husband was

not sparing of his compliments, but Arthur

made no comments, except to thank her for

one piece he himself called for. Before she

slept that night, Nelly wrote a long letter to

her mother, telling her of Amy's pleasant

and happy home. "But, oh! so lonely. I

could not live here, I am sure! But Amy

certainly enjoys it. I don't believe she needs

a bit. They are both as contented as two